

Don Cameron's Message

The smoke of battle and the heat of campaign speeches has died away, and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the students for the splendid expression of confidence shown me in Wednesday's election, and I trust that I shall be able to justify this confidence in the coming year.

The Presidency of the Union, particularly at this time, is a great trust and responsibility, and I shall make an honest endeavor to discharge that trust to the best of my ability.

It was very gratifying to see the interest displayed in Students' Union affairs at this election, and this renewal of interest, I believe, has resulted in the election of a very strong Council. I sincerely hope that the interest will continue, because at this time when we are changing from a system of government which has been in operation for twenty years to a new and untried one here at least, we are going to need the co-operative interest of all students to make a success of it.

Do not look for the change of constitution to solve all Students' Union difficulties in one year at least, because it will not; it may, on the other hand, appear to add to them for a time, but eventually through a process of readjustment we shall get our Union affairs on a more sound and business-like basis than they have been in the past.

The University has reached the age of its majority, and those of us who are entrusted with its guidance at this time have a tremendous task before us. We have a splendid tradition built up by twenty years of progress to live up to, and before us we have an opportunity to establish a new era in student affairs. Let us make the most of it, both individually and collectively, so that 1929-30 will stand out as a banner year in the history of the Union.



Proposed Disciplinary Committee

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR STUDENT DISCIPLINE

The President of the University, acting on behalf of the Senate, by and with the consent and advice of the Committee on Student Affairs and the Students' Union, enacts as follows:

I.—Short Title

1. This Act may be cited as "The Disciplinary Committee Act, 1929."

II.—The Disciplinary Committee

1. There shall be within the Students' Union a Committee, hereinafter called "The Disciplinary Committee."

2. The Disciplinary Committee shall consist of five male students to be elected and appointed for the term of one year as follows:

(a) The Students' Council, on assuming office, shall appoint one member from the junior year who will be of senior standing the following year and this member shall be the chairman of the Disciplinary Committee.

(b) The Students' Council shall appoint one member who during the following year may be either a senior or junior, and this member shall be the secretary of the Disciplinary Committee.

(c) Three members shall be elected from the student body at large at the annual general election in accordance with the procedure followed for the nomination and election of officers of the Students' Union.

3. All members shall hold office for the term of one year, or until their successors are appointed, or elected, and in the event of any member resigning, the Students' Council shall appoint another member to complete the unexpired portion of the term.

III.—Jurisdiction

1. The jurisdiction of the Disciplinary Committee shall extend over all male students to include graduate,

undergraduate, special and conditional students who are members of the Students' Union at the time any offence complained of is committed.

2. Subject to the special jurisdiction hereinafter reserved to the Men's House Committee, the Disciplinary Committee shall have jurisdiction to investigate any offence or misconduct alleged to have been committed by University students on University property or elsewhere and to call witnesses, and take evidence and determine the nature of the offence or misconduct complained of, and to deliver judgment, and impose the penalties provided by this Act or any other penalties deemed suitable and in accordance with the traditions of the Students' Union.

IV.—Procedure

1. Three members of the Disciplinary Committee, one of whom is the Chairman, shall be a quorum, but in the event of the accused demanding trial by the whole committee all members shall preside.

2. In the event of a division of opinion as between members of the Disciplinary Committee a vote shall be taken and recorded and the judgment of the majority shall be the judgment of the Committee.

3. The Disciplinary Committee shall not be bound to follow any formal procedure, but may adopt the procedure best suited to the occasion, being at all times careful that the procedure adopted assures the accused of a fair and impartial trial.

4. The Disciplinary Committee shall have power to call witnesses, take evidence, and do all things necessary for a complete inquiry into any alleged offence or misconduct. Any member of the student body may be called as a witness either by verbal or written notice and failure to appear at the time and place designated for the taking of evidence shall be

(Continued on page six)

CANDIDATES SPOKE AT UNION MEETING

Speeches on Whole Were Short, but Number of Candidates Prolongs Meeting

The whole meeting went over very smoothly, as all such meetings should. In fact, as the ladies frae Glasgow would faint say, it was aye richt. However, now that we have had due course to gather our wits around us again, light the old pipe and think it over, we voted for the ones we had decided to, before we ever attended the meeting Monday evening.

As mentioned before, the meeting was highly in order. Good plain oratory, and, save in a few exceptional cases, small amounts of it, was the order of the day. There was no doubt, that in all three candidates for gubernatorial honours, there was present ability of the sort required, and that in no small quantities. God wot, but ere this missive greets your eye we will have hailed our new crowned king and settled down to our studies again, so prophecy would be useless in moments such as these.

Somehow, Anna seemed to regard the meeting in the light of a joke at the first. But as the hours lengthened, the famous smile seemed to shorten perceptibly. Perhaps the unrest so evident in the gallery as the wretched hour drew nigh had a lot to do with it. But it did seem to be too bad.

It would be almost sinful to omit mention of the incident that so lightened the situation when the Vice-Presidency was heard from. To those candidates from whom we did not hear, our sympathy. We are sorry that we haven't paid up our faculty fees, so cannot support you. You'll understand, anyway, likely having been poor once too.

It seems a jolly shame don'tcha know, that we couldn't get our little projected frats going while we abide in this zone, instead of having to sit by and pray that they will come in time for our children to join. But more of that anon.

Success Crowned Ambitious Operatic Effort Last Friday

"Crimson Star" Draws Large Audience—Cast Showed Much Talent—Plot Involved Lost Princess, Hero Prince, Old King, and Powerful Villain

Undoubtedly an ambitious project, the Glee Club's operetta, "The Crimson Star," was deserving of the crowded house which greeted its performance on Friday evening last. Though the student members of the cast did not hold the major positions their impression upon the audience was very favorable. The principal roles were, of course, quite in keeping with greater experience.

The Plot

The opera, staged in the mythical kingdom of Lascenia, was of the usual formula—the lost princess, the hero prince, the plotting villain and the democratic American tourist. The disentangling of plots and foiling of scoundrels provided the setting for very pleasing music, occasional bits of drama and clever dancing. Altogether the production went over very smoothly.

Space Difficulties

The stage settings were well done, and especially so in view of the very cramped space. The difficulty of getting a chorus on a stage already well filled seemed a masterpiece of staging. The advantage of space was apparent in the second act, though the final scene in the throne room was remarkably effective.

As the lost princess, Stephanie, and the hero Leo, Mrs. Etta Manual Patch and Mr. George Conquest claimed the greater share of applause. They were admirably supported by Mr. Louis Hyndman as the Lord High Chamberlain, Mr. Arthur Davidson as the villainous Borah, and Miss Violet Cumming as Borah's sister Gilly. Miss Cumming seemed very much in love with her part and left little grounds for criticism. Miss Doris Caldwell as

Did You See—?

Max Wershof looking semi-detached. Pete Kilburn and Alf McLean trickling over to the Tuck Shop. Kathleen Campbell also meandering Tuckwards. Stan Sieber following the skirts—skirting the campus, as it were. Zelma Thompson twittering in the Tuck last Tuesday. Johnny Giffin looking for ancient Gateway editions. Art Kindt electioneering at the Tuck on Tuesday. Grace Winning disembarking from one of our street cars in a graceful manner. Herb Morris musing about the Arts. Zella Oliver still trying to rid herself of that stage beauty. George Haythorne talking to four girls at once—three of them sisters. George Stanley eating an orange ice-cream cone on a Varsity bound street car last Saturday. Peggy Roseborough looking very businesslike for a change last week. Vic Kelz showing the girls in St. Joe's Tuck his collection of baby pictures (of himself). Millie Butler looking very pale after her thrilling experience of Monday night. Bill Hobbs appearing to be worried over something, possibly over his brother, Sid Hobbs. Reg Hamilton hanging out of a Med. window. Mary Lehmann upsetting our solemn Union meeting with her campaign speech on Monday. Jimmy Part whistling at a Pembina window at a late hour last week. Dot Walker out walking quite frequently in the past few weeks. Louis Whitehorn expounding on Physics to our bewilderment. Eric Stuart deeply engrossed in a bridge game at the Tuck. And now we say Amen.

LIBRARY NOTICE

Until the pressure of final examinations is over, the Reading Room in the Arts Building will be open daily from 8:30 a.m. until 10 p.m., except on Saturdays, when it will be closed at one o'clock.

Students are advised to arrange with the desk assistant for reservation of books that are in great demand.

New Council Will Be Faced With Many Knotty Problems

Election Was One of Most Keenly Contested in History—Next Year's Problems Include Such Things as Fraternities and New Constitution

Another Union election has come and gone. It has been distinguished from those of the past in several respects. The great interest which a majority of the students have taken in the campaign is attested to by the exceptionally heavy vote. This is in itself a sufficiently unusual thing to put this year's election campaign in a class distinctly by itself.

To seek reasons pro and con after an election is often an extremely unwise thing to do, but it is evident that this new degree of interest manifested by the members of the Students' Union has several underlying causes. One of these was in all probability the fact that for the first time in years there was a three-cornered fight for the Presidency of the Union, and that, furthermore, all three candidates were men of exceptionally high calibre. A three-cornered fight is always uncertain as to its outcome, more so especially when contested by three such men as contested the Union Presidency this year, and a heavy vote is often a result of this very uncertainty.

Another factor in this year's campaign which has of necessity been absent in former contests has been the matter of the new constitution. Both the electors and candidates realized that this new council would have greater absolute power over the entire Union than any Council has ever had before, since regular meetings of the entire Union have been reduced to two or three in number. Aside from these meetings the Council now holds the power which was formerly vested in the entire Union, that of introducing and passing upon legislation.

That the incoming Council will have upon its hands the greatest of responsibilities is a generally recognized fact. The University is growing fast, and with it naturally the size of the Union is increasing by leaps and bounds. With this expansion in size is bound to come a constant broadening of the Union's activities and, as a consequence, need for yet more careful and wider consideration on the part of the Council. To mention a few of the problems with which the new council will be

faced. There is the fraternity question. And then there is the question of certain discrepancies in the new constitution which will have to be attended to, notably that of the representation of sub-faculties on the Council. These and many other problems face the candidates who were returned by the electors on Wednesday, and judging by those who were elected it seems assured that the new Students' Council will grapple unhesitatingly with each one as it arises.

TWO GATEWAY 'A'S' AWARDED

Hugh Morrison and M. H. Halton Receive "A" Pins for 1927-28

The Gateway decorations for 1928-29, consisting of two "A" pins have been awarded. One has been given to Hugh Morrison, well known and popular Sports Editor, who has done very distinctive work in that capacity this year. The other was received by Matt Halton.

The Gateway decorations were first awarded in 1924-25, when the Students' Union Constitution was amended to provide for two such decorations to be given yearly by The Gateway, upon the recommendation of a committee consisting of the President of the Union, the President of the Literary Association, the Editor-in-Chief, and the retiring Editor-in-Chief.

The winners of the pins for the last four years, with their positions at the time they received them, were: 1924-25—Kenneth C. MacKenzie, News Editor; Geoffrey Hewelcke, Literary Supplement, Editor.

1925-26—Walter Herbert, Editor-in-Chief; Wesley Oke, Editor-in-Chief.

1926-27—John C. Marshall, Editor-in-Chief; Max Wershof, Associate Editor.

1927-28—Edgar L. Whittaker, Associate Editor; Wayne K. Stanley, Managing Editor.

Plan for Exchange of Students Will Come into Effect Next Year

The Student Undergraduate Exchange Scheme sponsored by the N.F.C.U.S. should become a reality this spring.

Applications will be received by the President of the Students' Council from all candidates who wish to take advantage of the scheme.

This scheme permits the attendance of students from other universities (not exceeding one per cent. of the enrollment). The tuition fees will be charged by the university visited, although candidates will be responsible for their personal expenses while in attendance at the university visited.

The students must be in their third or pre-graduating year, and must return to their home university for their final year. Special arrangements may be made for post-graduate students.

The University of Alberta will send a quota of three students this year. It is hoped that applications will be received as soon as possible, so that suitable arrangements could be made, and definite replies sent out to candidates in ample time before plans are completed for next year.

Candidates should state their name, age, address, university they

usual skill. Mr. T. Dalkin assisted as dramatic director, while Mr. L. H. Nichols acted as director of the chorus, and Miss Evelyn Parks as dance director. Mr. Wm. Watson, of the Pantages theatre, was stage manager for the evening.

wish to attend, courses they wish to study, their standing at university, faculty, subjects taken, etc.

A list of undergraduate activities and particular abilities should also be included, as the exchange scholar will be chosen not only on his scholastic merits, but also upon his general ability to be a worthy representative of his Alma Mater.

As all universities have not accepted the plan, and some have laid down special provisions, it may be difficult to work out the scheme completely to the satisfaction of all concerned.

A committee of selection to consider applications will be announced later by the Council.

It is hoped that a good start will be made this year. Particular information in regard to the scheme can be obtained at the Students' Union office.

CONVOCATION ISSUE

This issue is the last of the twenty regular issues published by The Gateway during the session.

A special Convocation Issue will appear on May 15th, and will contain full examination results in addition to the report of the President of the Students' Union, and current news. Lists of all students entitled to the Gateway will be posted in the Arts and Medical Buildings before April 1st, and all students wishing to receive a copy of the Convocation Issue are asked to write on one of these lists the address to which they wish their copy mailed.

We do not undertake to send copies to any student not leaving his address on one of the lists.

LECTURE ON CECIL RHODES NEXT MONTH

Dr. C. G. Robertson, President of Birmingham University, Will Be Here April 2

The month before the finals is usually one of the dulllest months of the University year. It is encouraging therefore to learn that this year there will be at least one event to brighten up the gloom. This will be the visit to the University of Dr. Charles Grant Robertson, President of Birmingham University, and one of the most distinguished figures in contemporary British education. Dr. Robertson is a delegate to the Vancouver Conference of the National Council on Education, at which our own University will be represented by Dean Kerr.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WHAT IS YOUR GENERAL OPINION OF THE GATEWAY AS IT HAS BEEN THIS PAST YEAR?

Helen Saunders, Arts '29: Very good—especially the scarcity of stale news report.

Mary Lehmann, Arts '29: Very interesting and clever—almost too clever. Features are all right, but isn't there more news than we find in The Gateway?

M. Chant, Com. '30: O.K. as compared to other years. The paper has given more attention to sport than hitherto.

W. Smith, Sci. '32: The sport write-ups are satisfactory, but too many weak attempts at poetry and fiction are accepted.

A. J. Kindt, Ag. '29: The editorials have been good, but the "What Do You Think?" columns have been answered in a childish manner.

Dorothy I. Hamilton, Arts '29: Excellent—except for the brain strain resulting from attempts to discover the true identity of the modest contributors who hide behind various fantastic pen names.

J. R. Reed, Com. '30: Not fussy.

A. R. Aiello, Med. '34: I wish I had my two dollars and could read somebody else's.

Etta Rogers, Arts '30: On the whole, it is improved, but the feature articles are often very uninteresting, and I haven't been profoundly stirred by the poetic gems.

G. Freur, Med. '34: Hallelujah! it could be bummer.

W. J. Campbell, Arts '30: Keep on with it. It's like most everything: good in spots, and bad in others; but I think the good predominates. I sometimes wish that the "humor" contained a little more "punch" and less "froth."

D. E. Edmunds, Arts '29: Well up to average, with a splendid plunge into free thought.

William Odynski, Ag. '32: Instructional, educating, and enlightening—what more could you want.

Christiane Gibbs, Arts '30: As usual, it has been interesting and has shown much original humor. We thank the religious discussions for the pep they have given the paper.

W. H. Johnston, Arts '29 and Ag. '31: A good average—a fine start, but a mediocre finish.

J. C. Bradley, Ag. '32: Haven't read the d—d thing.

B. Ramelson, Sci. '33: Not bad, but could be better.



MARY LEHMANN

Who have been elected Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, respectively, of the Students' Council.



AL HARDING



FRANK BARCLAY



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32028.

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THE GATEWAY

This is the last issue of The Gateway for the year, except for the Convocation issue, and probably the last time we shall ever take up a pen in the service of the University of Alberta undergraduate paper. It has been a happy service. The toil and trouble of editing a paper while at the same time taking a heavy academic course has really been more than recompensed by the fascination of the work.

An incident which occurred in the fall of 1925 is illustrative of the policy of The Gateway this year. At that time the writer was a Freshman, a "cub" reporter for The Gateway. Our first assignment was to cover an after-dinner speech given in Athabasca Hall by a very famous Canadian. After the speech, a friend on our left said, "What a wonderful address!" Another friend—a returned soldier—ejaculated fiercely, "That ——— slaughtered hundreds of my fellow-men needlessly in France!" Two attitudes, representing both extremes of the case. The writer tried to give a fair report of a speech which was so differently received by different hearers. Such has been the general policy of The Gateway this year—to judge as fairly as possible, to report unequivocally, to give praise where it was due, to place blame where it was deserved. It is not for us to say whether or not we have succeeded in our aim.

We have not done everything that could have been done to improve our paper; and we have made mistakes. The first was due to lack of time to do everything we would have liked to do for the advancement of The Gateway; and the second simply to the fallibility of mortals, and to the fact, probably, that we have always held a bouquet in one hand ready to throw at the meritorious, and a brickbat in the other, ready to hurl at the smug, the self-complacent, the intolerable. Sometimes we may have mixed our missiles.

We started out to make our good wishes for the welfare of the University and The Gateway in the years to come. We hope that future editors of The Gateway will receive the support we have received this year; and we hope that they derive as much pleasure—not to say excitement!—from their work as we have.

DITCH-DIGGERS AND STUDENTS

This is the last issue of The Gateway for the session 1928-29, and there are many who are heaving deep sighs of relief in this knowledge. These many include several people outside The Gateway staff, and who have nothing to do with the paper's publication. They feel relieved because they have escaped the session without being criticized or libelled in The Gateway columns.

We are all brothers under the skin. We students have the same failings and qualities as the common laborer. One of these common failings is that of criticizing the boss. There are some students who cannot give credit for anything to their instructors and advisers, just as there are some ditch-diggers who see nothing but wrong in all the actions of their boss. Fortunately these students have been quiet this session, and their opinions have found little space in The Gateway.

Criticism is a natural function of students, as essential to their well-being as is breathing or sleeping. But criticism of late has been happily diverted to general topics, such as religion, women and university subjects, and our long-suffering instructors and executives have escaped their usual mud-bath.

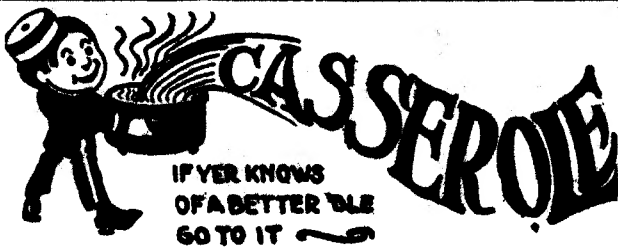
Isn't it funny? Students and ditch-diggers are so much alike. When the boss smiles, they say he gives; when he requests, they say he snarls an order; when he forbids, he is a tyrant; when he grants, he is grudgingly giving. If he is quiet and retiring, he is a surly old moss-back. If he is jolly and full of fun, he is a giddy old hypocrite. And so on.

With this last issue of the paper, may we congratulate our superiors on their lucky escape; and may we urge all students to think before they criticize or gossip. Some of our superiors hold most unenviable positions, and a little more understanding of their work by the students would be a mighty good thing for the university.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE OF STUDENTS

The second conference of students of the British Empire is to be held, it was lately announced, in Montreal in the late summer. It is something for Canada that she has been chosen to provide the meeting-place of the assembly; it is something more for the Empire that such a conference is being held. One meeting was an accident or an incident; whatever provisions were then made for another meeting there was no certainty of such; but two meetings begin to establish a custom; there can now be little doubt that many others will follow. And the importance to the Empire of having the men who will most likely be its leaders in all its widely-scattered parts meet together to talk over their common problems can not receive too much emphasis.

Many students wonder where the funds come from to pay the expenses of those coming from all over the world to congregate in one city. The various governments of the Empire would be well repaid in later years for financing the project. But at present the system is to get subscriptions from the students of the universities sufficient to send their representatives. It therefore behooves anyone interested in the welfare of the Empire to turn in as much as he can afford for this purpose to the Students' Committee.



This is Romeo's last effort for this session. An occasion for tears and flowers, truly. And yet—we would not have it otherwise. 'T would be unfitting that another Cass be printed in the Convocation issue—the issue of such sorrowful content for many.

My picture, issued for your approval last week, has drawn exulting sighs from co-eds. They knew I was handsome—but the Adonis featuring Cass was more beautiful than they had hoped. I shall not lack for Juliets. . . .

They had a hard time trying to get Don MacDonald to announce for the Varsity radio last week.

"Naw," he said, "I don't want to announce. My girl and I aren't speaking any more, and I'm afraid she might be listening in."

The Order of Billy Goats is well represented in Varsity, but Big Bill Hobbs didn't like having Anna Wilson ask him if he was a goat—it got his nanny.

Macbeth's Sentinel (spying Birnam Wood moving towards Dunsinane): "Cheese it—the corpse!"

About this time of year the Varsity man begins a frantic search of his room for a list of the courses he's taking.

The prosperity forecasters say that Calgary and Edmonton are shooting up. That's no compliment—so is Chicago.

Many of the boys are wondering how I make up my Scotch jokes. Well, I just get tight.

Oof! That was a pun worthy of the Pig's Eye.

A college president says the young man's most difficult problem is choosing the right girl to marry. Some people have queer ideas as to who does the choosing.

Last year a reader complained that "since Casseroles is no longer topical, it is uninteresting." This and last week's Cass are topical enough for a statistics bureau.

Embarrassing moment—when the sword-swallower chokes on a fish-bone.

Directions for a sunken garden: Leave the weeds alone and your garden will be sunk, all right.

Would-be sheiks are going to have a fine time concocting a line to beat that of the screen sheiks who act up in the talkies. Girls will be very critical of your "slush" from now on.

Lady (in pet store): "I like this dog, but his legs are too short."

Salesman: "Too short? Why, all four of 'em touch the ground!"

Don MacKenzie (before Council elections): "It is my intention to conduct a bunkless campaign."

His publicity man: "Swell, brother, and I'm just the guy that's got the boloney to put that hooley over."

"Oh, Mr. Manning, you have egg spilled all over the front of your coat."

"That's all right. I look well in anything I eat."

"I want a pair of silk stockings for my wife."

"Sheer?"

"My good girl, if she was here I'd let her buy them herself."

"Are you a little Germanic?"

"Darn Teuton, I am."

"Words are the wings of the mind," said one O. W. Holmes. After listening to the average co-ed one is convinced that the wings are too powerful and have long since flown off with the mind.

Letter from one college man to another:

Sir,—My fiancée informs me that you insisted on kissing her on a certain occasion last week. Kindly meet me at the K.O. Boxing School on Wednesday evening next.—Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH STEVENS.

Reply:

Sir,—Your circular letter of the 26th received and filed. I shall be pleased to attend the meeting on the day indicated.—Yours truly,

STEVE JOSEPHS.

May you be successful in your coming series of games with the pros. Au revoir.

Classics professors are glad to hear that American slang is to be abolished. The first step is the advocating, by the American Clean Language League, of a change in the famous slogan "Pike's Peak or Bust" to "Pike's Peak or Torso." We hope the second year Engineers who formed the "Math 21 or Bust" Club will make a note of this change.

A New York dairy is now using paper milk bottles. What a boon to awkward Freshmen!

It is stated unofficially that the engineers are revising their yell. The old one, claim the Knights of the Slide Rule, was wont to prejudice Wauneitas, despite the well-known handsomeness of the average engineer. Romeo suspects the change is merely a strategic move toward obtaining partners for the Freshman.

Tommy Chard, well-known Tuck Shop rugby expert, last week bought a new shirt. The procedure was as outlined.

Tommy: "Have you a match for this shirt?"

Clerk: "Yes, sir—and some gasoline, too."



SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Edmonton, March 12.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—It is a fact, acknowledged by religious leaders, that the young people of today do not possess the faith of their fathers. Science has been regarded as the cause of the trouble. But outside the universities those young people have very little interest in either science or religion. The chances are, they could not make five per cent. on a Physics 1 paper. We are quite convinced that an overwhelming knowledge of science is not the cause of their irreligious attitude.

The trouble is that Hell is cooling off. It is not as hot as it was twenty-five years ago. Hell is an idea born of a barbarous age. We have advanced—in spite of the fact that folks in Arkansas do not believe in evolution. We would not sentence any creature to eternal pain, and we cannot worship a god who would.

They tell us now that Hell is remorse. But that remorse theory is a failure. Let us see how it worked. A man cruelly beats his dog. If there is one crime more cowardly and contemptible than all others, it is the abuse of dumb animals. After completing his fourscore and ten years, that scoundrel dies. Instead of going to a lake of fire, where hell-hounds bite and tear their victims, he suffers remorse. The obvious question is, how does that help poor Fido?

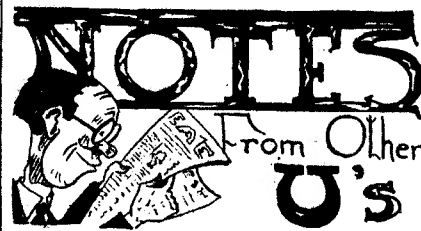
Take another case. A man when on the earth was prone to drink of the flowing cup. It was wrong, we will admit. But he did it. He died. Instead of going to hell, he spends his time thinking that if he had not bought that booze he could have had an extra ten gallons of gasoline, to say nothing of a monkey wrench and a spare tire. No! That remorse theory won't work. It is too much like crying over spilt milk.

The young men of today who are working on farms, in forests and factories, and earning an honest living are not much worried about remorse or hell-fire. They are not sorry for anything, and don't expect to be. Let the scientist study his science. Let the theolog think of his creed. Their hearts are happy. Their minds are free. Consequently when the sunshine floods the earth on Sunday morning, they prefer to take the lady friend for a joy ride rather than listen to some old fogey give his views on the superstitions of an age long past.

If a little egotism be permitted, let me say that they are just as good as those venerable old ancestors who got scared into accepting salvation.

Religiously yours,

H. McMILLAN.



Former Student Dies Twice
Wichita, Kans. (I.P.). —What is believed to be an unprecedented feat in the medical profession was performed here recently when Guy Ward, 24, a former student at Washburn College, underwent an operation for brain tumor, which took five hours to complete, died twice on the operating table, and lives to tell about it.

Twice during the operation Ward's heart stopped beating, but skilful work on the part of the surgeon returned life to him. He will recover, it is believed.

The entire endowment of Cornell University, twenty million dollars in securities, has been safely locked in the vault of the National Bank of Commerce in New York City, after having been transferred from Ithaca in small consignments. Over 20,000 separate securities were shipped without mishap.

The transfer was made in the interests of economy in the handling of the securities and coupons. The vaults of the University are now being used to house valuable records.

Columbus, Ohio (I.P.).—Percy Williams, Olympic sprint champion, who has not yet been defeated on Eastern indoor tracks during his current invasion, has been invited to compete in a special sprint series during the Ohio relays to be held here on May 4.

The amount of space which certain sections of the press gave recently to the McGill beer drinking contest, and the recent frosh-soph-you-broke-up-our-dance-you-nasty-thing act at Queen's is significant. The public has a certain mythical conception of the "College Boy" whom it likes to think of as a certain comic strip cut-up, a conception which is a vague mixture of the beer-swilling scene in "The Student Prince" and the Junior Prom scene from any collegiate film comedy. In giving prominence, therefore, to such incidents as we have mentioned, the press is merely catering to this mythical taste in the public.—Toronto Varsity.

"Dawn Animal" Represented at South Dakota

Vermillion, S.D. (I.P.).—The oldest living thing known to man, the Eozoön Canadense, or "dawn animal," is now represented in the collections of the geology department of the University of South Dakota.

The "dawn animal" is found in Canada where, according to geologists, the oldest rocks bearing fossils are located. The tiny animals are billions of years old, having lived on the earth at least a billion years before the advent of mankind.

SPRING STYLES



The New Mode

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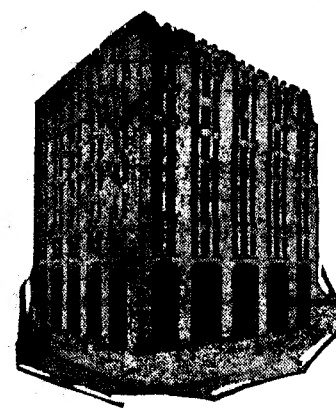
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SPECULATIONS

"We are much beholden to Machiavelli and others that wrote what men do, and not what they ought to do," said Bacon, recognizing the need to base our inductions on the real, not the ideal, if the ideal is to be approached in reality. Democracy is a very present example of the tendency to build our expectations and criticisms on what should obtain, not what actually does. The ideal condition presupposes an intelligent average voter, one who will elect the most competent man, irrespective of appeals to the emotion, party loyalty, or any such restrictions to disinterested action. As a matter of fact, this condition does not hold. A glance over the annals of Canadian history (it is easiest and safest to take historical examples in politics) will show how often prejudice and emotion have been stirred with success by both parties.

Due to this weakness in the democratic structure, a certain amount of chicanery, of shuffling, and even of double shuffling, as Sir John A. MacDonald did it, becomes necessary both for expediency and to gratify that fine sense for morality which the public displays or does not display at unexpected times. A government has to be reasonably efficient, be it never so corrupt behind the doors, and in substituting democracy for aristocracy or autocracy, we must substitute the doctrine of the right man for the rights of man. The right man is not always elected, for he is not always capable of mob psychology, may even scorn it! and to improve politics it is necessary to face the unpalatable truth regarding the divine average.

The Ideal Democracy
Our political institutions are on a par with those of old Greece, and we have achieved this with a complete democracy, whereas the Greek franchise extended only to what amounted to the intelligentsia. Were such a disenfranchisement possible in Canada, whether by property qualifications, I.Q. tests, or any other means, there would result an approach to the ideal democracy, and at the same time a virtual slave class, which, however beneficial in respect to

household and cheap labor problems, would be subversive of our cherished democracy. The situation, then, pending improved mass education, must be approached from another angle, one which the ancients developed fully in theory also.

Necessity for Competent Men
It can be plainly seen that were every man who presents himself for election to government competent to fill the post he aspired to, it would really make little difference who was elected, and consequently relieve the public of a considerable onus.

The Greeks, with their small self-sufficing states, came to the conclusion that statesmanship is the highest form of study. How much the more so it must be in the vastly larger and more complex state of today. Yet how many of the members are farmers or traders, who, while worthy of all the respect due to their class and their own personal success, have no real grasp of affairs outside their calling, and have gained their seats by virtue of some piffing local issue or party catch-word, sometimes at the expense of a capable leader.

Doctor of Statesmanship
This difficulty would be removed if every candidate had of necessity to hold a university degree in governmental administration, to be preceded, of course, by the regular degree in Arts. Economics, public finance, every phase of politics and law could be taught; it might come to pass that all the members could take an intelligent interest in budget debates. The local viewpoint would of necessity fit itself to the national, and prejudice give way to the realization of the necessity for give and take in such a country as ours. To supply such candidates for every constituency, an organization similar to the Carlton Club in England would be formed, where a large number of candidates are kept on hand and the one sent out for the election whose views and abilities best meet with the needs of the constituency in the eyes of its party leader. Platforms are unnecessary for anything but the party at large—time and again the bright members from Hayseed finds on arriving at the house that he must change his opinions, whether it be for a new outlook, or just that he must "fall in line." Last, but not least, personal dishonesty could be met by paying a salary commensurate with the importance of governing the

Bransby Williams AND The Varsity Players

Within an interval of two days I saw the Varsity Spring Play and Bransby Williams' presentation of "Oliver Twist." I can't help but compare these two presentations, though they are different in subject, in interpretation, and in the aim which the directors had before them. But both of them have a common aspect—success.

Behind the Varsity play there is felt and seen the careful and smoothing hand of an intelligent designer. It does not matter who is playing whom. The Varsity play is a teamwork, drawing a well-balanced picture of high aesthetic art.

The constructive design is seen in Williams' play, too, but the designer is on the stage. He is the main figure. All around him are auxiliaries that should sculpture more sharply the figure of Bransby Williams, no matter were he Fagin or Mr. Grimwig. His name in the programme is in capital letters.

The Varsity play is enacted in the soft half-tones. Williams' show from the first step dresses itself into stiff mediaeval dramatization. It is rigid all through. Its amplitude is constrained between conventional comical character and roaring tragedy.

The show has success. As a representation of "Oliver Twist" it is a failure. As an exhibition of dramatic art it is monotonous. But still, the show has its success: Bransby Williams is felt on the stage, Bransby Williams in capital letters.

B. C. C.

state. The state is the backbone and security of every enterprise, and consequently more important than them all. Surely a member is entitled to the salary of an ordinary successful business man! I would put the salary of a cabinet minister as not lower than \$25,000 annually.

To Make Democracy Safe for the World

Efficient government, even an honest efficient government, would not be too much to look for from such a system. Human inertia, which is a large part of party loyalty, would not matter, for one candidate would be as competent as another. After all, it is efficiency that is sought for—even Tammany Hall is reasonably efficient.

—WARD.

ASSINIBOIA HALL

(Being verses somewhat imbued with the spirits of the times now looming close upon us. In them the author makes allusion to various things to which we can but vaguely guess. Evidently the "awful Power" which renders the somewhat obscure oracle, is an uncatalogued local deity, possibly of great importance in the immediate district, but unknown elsewhere. As for the derivation of the word "flunk," it appears to be from the Anglo-Saxon "flicken," which, duly rendered into the vernacular of the present day, would be "hard hit." But whether the author had such a meaning in mind is indeed open to doubt. Due to the abrupt beginning and ending, it is feared that many of the original stanzas of the manuscript have become lost.)

In the spring a balmy warmth permeates the outside air,
In the spring a young man's fancy turns to summer underwear.
Then I dipped into the future, far as human eye could span,
And the prophets spake, "You'll pass the Tests, but only if you can."
And I saw the shut-eye artist, coiled superbly in his bed,
And a halo of missed lectures ever fluttered round his head.
And I saw the eager student, pen and writing pad in hand,
Struggling, in vain endeavour, with thoughts he could not understand:
And I heard an awful Power, speaking from an unknown height,
Saying, "Supper will be in the Gym, at six o'clock tonight."
And another voice that murmured to the erring Engineer,
"If you should flunk, I recommend you change your course next year."
There was pathos in his manner, and the ready tear-drops fell,
As he staunchly answered in his turn, "Yes, I will, like fun."
"Shall I change to Arts or Commerce, I who built my hopes so high?
That were worse than the concoction that they serve with eppul pie."

March Snow

The wind is cold, the ways are wild,
The snow is falling free,
They're picking geese in Scotland,
child,
Just for you and me.

The pathway gleams from every pool,
Black gems between the fallen snow,
And who would care to choose by rule
Where we should go?

The woods are wet, the pines are kind,
To shelter from above,
A time to search, a time to find,
A nest for two, my love.

—O. R. W.

DUSK

The sun slips down behind a mass of cloud,
The sky forgets the glory of its gold,
The sullen air is motionless and proud,
The trees are stark and bold.

There seems no stir of wind to greet the night
That hesitates along the darkling west,
Except the sound of feathered wings in flight
That find their way to rest.

And yet there's movement where the clouds are piled,
The withered spirit of the grasses sigh,
The restless quiet of a tired child
That frets, but does not cry.

—J. B.

The Daughter of the Moon

Daughter of the moon
And a wilful maid was she—
Vows she made at noon,
And evening saw her free!

Light as thistle-down,
Fleeter than the wind,
Fairer than her sisters
Of all womankind:

Laughing at the world
That grants her every boon—
Goddess of a thousand hearts
And daughter of the moon.

—O. R. W.

The Attainment

The aim of man must be liberation. Liberation from desires, liberation from feelings—of sorrow as well as of joy. We must learn how to remain unmoved by anything, untroubled by anything, except by truth. Truth is attained by the fulfilment of life through experience and anything that narrows that fulfilment, that limits that experience hinders Liberation.

Therefore beliefs, religions, dogmas, creeds, being limitations, are a hindrance to spiritual development. To lay a definite method of attainment is a negation of the divine unfolding of Life. The attainment is personal. It is not accomplished in batches, under the cover of names or by the virtue of external rites.

Every one must light his own torch at the eternal flame and as long as he has not lit his torch to illuminate the real, he is playing in the shadows of the manifested.

—EXCULSUS.

BIRD SONG

"If I sing this song
Will you let me go?"
"Sing as I bid you!"
"Oh no—no."

"Sing of the forests
And flowers below.
Sing as I bid you—"
"Oh no—no."

"Sing of bees' humming
And streamlet's flow:
Sing just the merest song—"
"Oh no—no."

"Sorrowed and songless—
I let you go.
Yet you won't leave me!"
"Oh no—no."

—O. R. W.

IN CHOOSING

I have not sung for such as these,
They are not friends to me—
Who stand in the light of the sun at noon
And cannot see.

I have not eaten the bread of those
Nor warmed me by their fire—
Who cannot look to higher things
Or worship true Desire.

I have walked by their side in dust
or rain
But never a comrade they:
For never was Truth or Thought
they knew
To glad the way.

I have not sung, nor will I sing
In the magis years to be
For those who stand in the light of
the sun
And cannot see.

—O. R. W.

"Fast Falls The Eventide"

The tiny, gray-dressed, old lady slipped into a pew in a dusky corner of the big church. She knew the organist practiced at this time and loved to come to hear him.

The sunlight through the stained glass window spread patches of colored light on the aisle ahead of her. The great church echoed and re-echoed to the old familiar strains of "Home Sweet Home." Tears rose quickly to the old lady's eyes and slipped unheeded down the parchment-like cheeks, as she sat with quiet face and folded hands.

Home! She had not any home now. Just today she had finished selling it. Of course she knew how much better it was to go to that genteel Old Ladies Home, but it meant leaving all the dear, familiar traces of her children to be gazed on and laughed at by strangers.

The organist played on. The music filled the church and the colored lights grew into memories' pictures.

There was the first home at Port Erie, peopled with the stern, kindly father, the sweet, little mother, and the big gay elder brother. There had been such happy days there until her father, mother and brother had talked in low serious tones of "Fenian Raids." One night she had heard much running and shouting; her father and brother had taken their guns, said good-bye in very serious tones and gone out. Many had been killed. She could feel yet the terror in her mother's touch and voice as they had carried the still, bloody form of the dear brother into the little cabin.

Soon after they had moved to Winnipeg, later to Frog Lake. How she had loved the wild freedom of this new country, the gay uniforms of the "Mounties," and the sneaking deference of the Indians.

In eighteen-seventy she had married—a man of her father's choice; a good man, Herb, whom she had misjudged and mistreated at first, for there had been Joe, the dashing young buffalo hunter. But of him her father had disapproved.

It was only two days after her marriage that Big Bear had come with his band of Indians. He had murdered half a dozen settlers—her mother and father were among them.

The organist slipped into the chords of "Abide With Me." The lingering rays of the setting sun silhouetted Christ's head on the aisle.

She had had many happy years there in the old house, bearing and rearing her children. First there had been Jimmy with his mother's hair and eyes, then Elsie, her merry comrade, and Cecil the baby. They had all been so happy there together until nineteen-fourteen when the black clouds of that four years' storm had gathered and broken.

Jimmy had gone over with the first draft. After Ypres they had sent him

back to a war hospital—a shell-shocked wreck of a man. Thank God! he had only lived four months in his pain. Elsie had followed him as a nurse. One sunny May morning the Germans had shelled a hospital—and she had never come back.

Once peace came she and Herb had slowly gathered up the threads of life again to settle down into the normal rut. A couple of years later Cecil had gone to Africa to farm. After Herb had died of pneumonia, he had written again and again for her to come out, but she could not bear to leave the old house and friends. Now he was married and did not need her.

The shadows almost seemed to move with the intense beauty of Handel's Largo. The little old lady bent in a position of prayer. Please God, she did not want to live now. All the people she loved had gone on. She was tired, too tired to go out and face the cold north wind. All of them, Herb, Jimmy, Elsie, were over there. They were calling to her and she wanted to go.

The organ was stilled. A ray of deflected sunlight touched a wisp of white hair. The organist, seeing her, stopped to speak to her, bent lower and straightened suddenly. The little old lady had gone on to join her loved ones.

DECEPTION

For those who creep
'Tis always meet
To practise a little
Cool deceit.

For those who run
Who is to blame,
If some smart person
Does the same?

—O. R. W.

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SPORTS



Iowa City (I.P.).—Mayes W. McLain, fullback of the University of Iowa's 1928 football team, considered one of the best players in the country this year, is aiming to become a pitcher on the Hawkeye baseball team this spring. The Indian is now practicing.

Columbus, Ohio (I.P.).—Ohio State's two all-American football stars, Leo Raskowski and Wesley Fesler, have been given parts in Scarlet Mask's forthcoming production, "Oceans of Love."

Raskowski was an all-American tackle in 1927, and Fesler earned the title as an end during the past season.

THE YEAR IN REVIEW

That the year 1928-29 was Alberta's year in athletics no one will deny; the sweeping victories of the track and rugby teams last fall did much to revive a certain spirit of enthusiasm that had seemingly been dormant in the last two or three years. The University of Manitoba, until this year, had always proved too formidable in inter-university contests and teams from that institution had been having things pretty much their own way. The result was that the majority of students developed a certain apathetic attitude toward athletics in general. Fortunately for Alberta, however, her threat against the supremacy of Manitoba grew year by year. Last term Alberta was nosed out by only three points in the intercollegiate track meet, and last term also Alberta showed the makings of a good rugby team despite two defeats at Manitoba's hands.

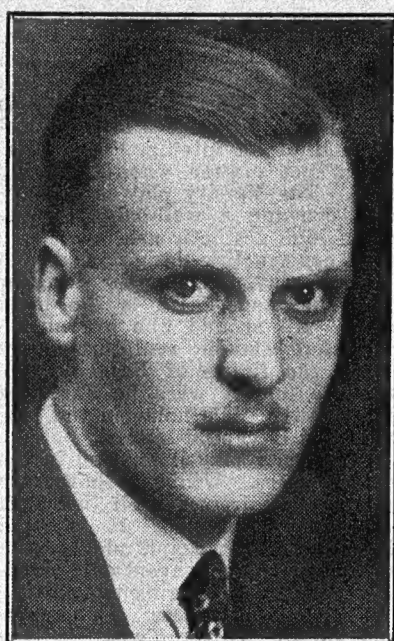
The tide turned with decisive suddenness this year when the track and field team carried the Cairns Cup from Winnipeg. Alberta won by a goodly margin of twenty-six points, and Manitoba's string of eight annual victories was broken at last. This victory started the ball a-rolling. The rugby team then set about to carry on the good work. The men, under very able guidance, won the Hardy intercollegiate rugby cup (also previously held by Manitoba), without a single defeat being recorded against them. In two post-league games against U.B.C. at Vancouver the rugby team maintained its unbroken series of victories.

This string of successes reflected itself among the student body as a whole, and for the rest of the year the other University teams have had the best of support of the students. Even the hockey team, which has not been able to pull itself out of the rut toward a championship, has been well supported considering the number of wins that it scored.

The other major teams have enjoyed a fairly successful season: the senior basketball team, although failing to gain a third intercollegiate trophy from Manitoba, namely, the Rigby Cup, won the provincial championship. The girls seemed to have no difficulty in retaining the Race Cup.

Looking back in review, one sees that with regard to athletics the season of 1928-29 has been a very happy one, not only in regard to actual victories, but more especially by having a unifying influence upon the students as a whole and by arousing a certain amount of genuine enthusiasm. For doing this, the men who have worked unseen deserve more than a great deal of credit: the coaches, the managers who have carried the burden of responsibility connected with each team; the trainers who have always been on the spot; the men who had been selected to guide all athletic endeavours; and all those who have contributed to a team's welfare but have not been seen in the game itself, have all aided in our general success.

SEASON OVER



DAVE ROSS

Who has guided the fortunes this year of the Senior Hockey team. forced rest since last summer's European tour.

The first session ended with the Grads on the business end of a 9-6 score, and the Centrals going strong. By half-time the Grads had broken through for eight markers, while the Centrals copped three, leaving the count 17-9. The champs' shooting up to this point was decidedly wild, and though they got through for shots in fine style, they seemed unable to find the centre of the hoop.

Grade Let Loose in Second Half. The second half was decidedly different, however, for the Grads settled down to the invincible tactics which have beaten the world. They took the offensive right from the start of the third period, and thereafter the unfortunate Calgarians were definitely out of the running. They were completely baffled by the brilliant series of combination plays uncorked by the champs. The spasm ended with the Edmonton girls twenty-one points to the good—the score now being 30-9.

The last canto went the way of the third, with the Grads going through the visitors' defence with relentless regularity, and finding the basket with better success. The killing pace set by the Edmontonians forced the Centrals to call for "time out" on three separate occasions during this period. The final whistle found the Grads with thirteen more markers to their credit, while their opponents had broken into the scoring with two baskets, bringing their total up to 13. The complete score was 43-13.

Gladys Fry Stars. Gladys Fry, the Green and Gold element on the team, played an exceptional game, being responsible for 10 points of her team's total tally. Mildred MacGormack, Margaret MacBurney and Kate Macrae also accounted for ten points each, while the remaining three points were chalked up by May Brown. For the Centrals, Miss P. Edmondson was responsible for 6 points. Miss Hayes and Miss Thom also played fast and dangerous games.

GRADS DEFEAT CENTRALS 43-13

First Game of Provincial Play-off in Varsity Gym Shows Grad Superiority

In their first official appearance this season, the Edmonton Commercial Grads proved their championship calibre once more by ringing up a decisive win at the expense of the Calgary Centrals to the tune of 43-13 in the Varsity gym on Saturday night. This was the first encounter of a two-game series for the senior ladies' basketball championship of the province, and it gives the Grads an almost unbeatable margin of thirty points to take with them into the final game, which takes place in Calgary next Saturday night. It was evident that the champs had lost none of their effectiveness during their en-

McGill vs Alberta Rugby 1930?

(The N.F.C.U.S. has definitely decided that a conference will be held this spring, probably at Toronto, to consider the formation of an All-Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union. Below is in part the latest report sent out to representatives by the Executive Council.)

"At the last annual meeting of the Executive Council it was agreed that the N.F.C.U.S. should endeavor to promote a conference of representatives from the Maritime, Central and Western Athletic Unions. The Canadian Intercollegiate Union has officially extended an invitation to the N.F.C.U.S. to have such representatives attend their annual meeting this spring, which will be held at a point in Central Canada."

(The following is the report of the Council explaining the work done during the year 1928 in preparation for this conference.)

"Your officers entered into negotiations with the Western Canada Intercollegiate Athletic Union, the Maritime Intercollegiate Athletic Union, and the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union, with a view to effecting a meeting of one representative from each of these organizations for the purpose of discussing the feasibility of such an organization, and its desirability at this time. Your officers, in approaching these bodies, summarize the situation as follows:

Difficulties Involved in Forming
1. The great distance involved, not only in operating such an organization, but also in promoting inter-sectional competition.

2. The existence of Intercollegiate rules varying to a considerable degree in the different sections.
3. The fact that sports entered into by the different universities and colleges are not common to all Canada; that is, English Rugby as played by the Maritime group in contrast to Canadian Rugby which is in vogue in most of the remaining universities.

Benefits to be Derived
1. Promote closer contact between the different geographical sections of Canada.
2. Promote a uniformity of eligibility rules, and in general serve to put Canadian Intercollegiate athletics on a common basis.
3. In the course of time, perhaps make possible extended visits of teams to and from various parts of Canada.

Organization
The new organization would consist of three divisions, namely: (1) The W.C.I.A.U. (which is now in active operation); (2) the Central Canada Intercollegiate Athletic Union (at present in operation, but under the name of 'The Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union'); (3) the Eastern Canada Intercollegiate Athletic Union (which is now in active operation).

(All these organizations have accepted the proposals, and the conference will be held this spring.)

SUPERIORS CINCH DUGGAN TROPHY

Varsity Drops Final on Saturday Night by Score of 6-0

For the second season in succession, the Superiors annexed the Duggan Cup by defeating Varsity on Saturday night by a score of 6-0. The Varsity boys, after a three week lay-off and playing on a very soft ice, had no chance against the fast skating "Soops." At that they put up a great struggle, and with a little more luck might well have succeeded in scoring two or three goals.

Until the second period, Varsity was very much in the picture. The Soops got the only score of the period when Jenkins took a pass from Foster in front of the Varsity goal. Varsity came right back with a vicious attack that came within an eyelash of netting results when Gillie Levell shot wide of an open goal.

Second Period
In the second period the complexion of affairs took on a different hue. The Varsity forward showed signs of tiring, and the defence split wide open, allowing the Superiors to pile up a big lead. Foster started the scoring of the period when he beat Kemp on an individual rush. Stuart made a fine save for the Soops when Buchanan went right through the defence on a solo effort. Fat Faulder put the winners three up when he slipped the rubber past Kemp a minute before the ball rang.

Third Period
The Superiors were out to make a night of it, and gave Kemp no peace in the third frame. They seemed to have little difficulty in cracking the Varsity defence wide open. Walker notched the fourth on a lovely shot from the right board, which just caught the corner of the net. Foster got his second goal of the game five minutes later on an individual effort. Hills completed the scoring a couple

WHERE THE CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE

TRACK AND FIELD
Cairns Trophy: Alberta (Inter-collegiate).

West Trophy: Pharmedents (Inter-faculty).

CANADIAN RUGBY
Hardy Cup: Alberta (Inter-collegiate).

Provincial champions: Eskimos.
Inter-faculty: Pharmedents.

(Continued on page six)

of minutes later, going through alone for the sixth and last goal. Buchanan and Broadfoot were the pick of the Varsity line, while for the Superiors, Foster, with two goals and an assist, and Stuart in goal played great hockey for the winners.

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A MATTER OF DATES OR Strange But Charming Creatures

By C.

"Well, that will simply have to do," said Eva, as she stood before the mirror putting the last touches to her hair. "He said he would be here at seven-thirty, and I still have to get out my gloves and brush my hat, and I know something has to be done to my coat. Oh, I see, there's a button missing. I wish I had thought to press this scarf, it's worse than none at all like this, and I haven't time now to press it. Of course, that old one of mine might do; it wouldn't look so shabby by evening light, and I know it's pressed. But it's no good thinking about it; it's away in my trunk, and I won't have time to get it out before he comes."

Throwing Down the Gauntlet

By this time almost all the contents of the upper drawer of her dresser had been thrown on the bed, in her desperate attempt to find the missing gloves. Suddenly, however, she saw them lying on the table where she had placed them earlier in the evening (in order to save time!).

"Ah, there they are! Well, that's that! Now, for that button. If he isn't here by the time I get the button sewn on and my hat brushed, I'll have a look for that scarf, and if he

comes before I've found it, I'll wear the crushed one."

L'heure De Joie

By the time she had found the keys to her trunk and discovered the scarf, she noticed that her clock was at eight. She decided that it must be fast, and so opened her door and called into the corridor.

"Jean!"

Immediately a door across the hall swung open.

"Yes!"

"What time is it by your clock?"

"What time? I'll see, eight o'clock."

"Are you sure? Jean, have you noticed if the maid has been answering the door this evening? I've been wondering if anything could have happened to her, to detain her from going on duty."

"Oh, no, I've seen her passing by here several times, Eva," said Jean.

"I saw her go to Betty's and Louise's, so she's on duty, I know."

"Well, I can't understand it, Jean, old dear, would you mind very much watching to see if she comes to my door, and I'll go down and press my scarf—it's too crushed to wear as it is. You're sure you don't mind? All right, then, I won't be long."

"While the Iron is Hot"

When she reached the laundry-room, Eva found that there was not a single iron even warm; so she had to put one on and wait for it to heat. However, she knew that her friend Jean would come to find her as soon as the maid appeared, and so she took time to iron her scarf carefully. At last it was done to her satisfaction, and she hurried back to her room.

"No one has come for you yet, Eva," Jean called as she reached her door.

"Oh, I know what's happened now," said Eva; "something must have detained him before seven-thirty, and he decided that since it was too late to walk over he would come just in time to ride. The show doesn't start until eight-thirty, you see, so we'll have a lot of time, if we take the street-car."

"At eight-thirty, did you say? Why, you should be there now! Look at the time!"

"Heavens! Are you sure that's right? Well, we'll simply have to

A Plea to the Fur-wearers For the Sake of the Fur-bearers

A world-wide campaign is going on to invite ladies to wear fur fabrics in order that the torture of the trap may be suppressed. The following poetry has been written as a supplicating appeal:

The trap snapped and held her fast;
None marked her fright; none
heard her cries;

Her struggles ceased; she lay at last,
With wide, uncomprehending eyes
And watched the sky grow dark
above.

And watched the sunset turn to
gray,
And shook with anguish while she
strove

To gnaw the prisoned leg away.
Then, day came, rosy from the east,
But still those steel jaws kept their
hold;

And no one watched the prisoned
beast
But Fear and Hunger, Thirst and
Cold.

Oppressed by pain, her dread grew
numb;
Fright no more stirred the flagging
breath.

She looked in vain to see him come,
The cruel biped, bringing death.
Then, through the gloom and pain
came ONE

Who set the timid spirit free,
"I know thine anguish, little one,
"So once men trapped and tortured
me."

—M. L. S.

be late now, no matter what happens, won't we? I think I'll go and put my hat on, so as not to keep him waiting when he comes."

Disturbing Factors

At a quarter to nine, Eva put her head in Jean's door.

"Jean," she said, "would you mind if I left my clock in your room? I keep looking at it, and it's getting on my nerves."

"No, just put it on the table, Eva. By the way, don't you think you should phone that man? There isn't much sense in him coming this late for you."

"No, I don't want to do that. I really don't know him well enough. Besides, I think something must have happened to detain him. I'm expecting him to phone me any minute."

"Just as you think. But while you are waiting, why don't you sit in my room and talk until he comes or phones?"

"Oh, I'm learning my poem, that I should have learned days ago — it helps to pass the time, too. I can't think what could have happened to him."

At nine she put her head in again.

"Busy, Jean?"

"No—why? Has he phoned?"

"No, and I'm getting tired of being alone. I'll come in and chat for a few moments, if you're sure you're not busy."

"No, come in. Why don't you take off your hat, Eva? You look sort of lost, wandering around with a hat on, and it's too late to go to a show now, even if he does come."

"Yes, I know. Oh, is that someone at my room? No, she went past. It would be a shame if I missed him when he phoned, after I had waited so long, wouldn't it?"

"Do him good," said Jean. "That's just what he needs."

"Oh, no, something must have happened that kept him from coming or phoning, but I wonder what it could be?"

"Oh, anything might have happened. He probably couldn't scratch up the money for the tickets, and he is still wondering what excuse he can make. Or he may have become so absorbed in his studies that he's forgotten the time—oh, yes, I know him, but still, there is that possibility. Maybe he lost the tickets and is looking for them now. I still think it would be a good idea to phone him and just say, 'Tempus fugit'—nothing more. Be dignified, you know."

"Oh, there's someone at my door! Just a moment!"

Time For a Show-Down

"Well," said Jean, left to herself, "I certainly hope she tells him what she thinks of him over the phone. He deserves it after making her wait over two hours. Why, Eva! back so soon? You couldn't have had much to say to him."

"Oh, it was only Mary. She came to borrow my chem. notes. But, Jean, what should I do?"

"Do? You can't do anything. Just answer the phone when he rings and hear what he has to say. But I certainly wouldn't go out with him again."

"Oh, no, I won't because no matter what happened he might have let me know."

They sat and chatted a while, but there was no call for Eva to the phone, and at last she rose.

"Well, it's five past ten," she said. "I'm going to bed. If he phones it will serve him right; there won't be anyone to answer. The maid goes off at ten."

"It Was on a Wednesday—"

A few minutes later she was back again carrying a very diminutive ivory calendar in her hand.

"Jean, old dear," she said, "is this Wednesday the twenty-seventh or Wednesday the twentieth?"

"Wednesday the twentieth, of course. Why?"

"Why, I'm a week out. It's next week we're going out. That show isn't even in town now."

PRAYER

God of the coming year
Be good to me,
That the way for my feet be clear
And my soul walk free.

God of the year behind,
Guard what you gave,
That the Past lie light on the mind
And the heart be brave.

—O. R. W.

EGGS AND EASTER MORN AND Various Experiences Therewith

By K.

Twice seven times he tried it:
The first too hard, the next too soft,
One broke, another flew aloft;
He tried again, but failed it off and
off.

Till he gave up and fried it.
(Old Trench Songs)

If the authority of a song popular during the war is to be trusted, it appears that one of the chief desires of the soldiers in that conflict was to eat their eggs at home on Easter morning.

In consideration of what the resident students are likely to be brought face to face with when they go into breakfast Good Friday morning this is not surprising. Perhaps among the other dangers to life and limb that our heroes in France were exposed to not the least were those arising from the explosive and poisonously gaseous properties of the eggs with which they were occasionally regaled.

Generally gastronomers avoid eggs unless they are acquainted with the history of the beasts. But when an egg is presented to you on Easter morning, not only boiled, but also painted with divers gaudy hues, all those external signs which Nature no doubt placed upon it for you to judge of its condition by, are lost to you. In such cases you can only hope.

Please Note, Phil. 51

An interesting point in connection with eggs, and one important to keep in mind in this season, concerns the etiquette of cracking a boiled egg.

Doubtless my readers are all aware that in slicing the top off an egg the stroke of the knife must be, in polite society, away from the body. If, on our mother's knee, we displayed the inquisitiveness common among children and demanded the reason for this convention, we were informed that so doing we would never be in danger of having our knife slip right through an unexpectedly soft egg and cut our stomach.

But now that we have come to more advanced years we can safely learn the more unpleasant truth of the matter; to wit, that the custom arises from the fact that it is considered more gentlemanly to have your egg explode through a slit pointing towards your own dinner vest than to have it burst out into the face of the man opposite you. It is care in such little matters that marks the well-bred man as distinct from the great unwashed.

A Saga of the Sea

Although the more risky custom of boiling eggs is invariably followed in the Easter season it would be inexcusable to miss this opportunity to relate certain experiences in frying them that I have witnessed.

Why Men Prefer the Cities

It is the unhappy lot of pioneers at

times to suffer a shortage of those foods which have come to be considered most essential to civilized man. At such times other foods having a likeness to the lacking ones are eagerly sought and ravishingly enjoyed. It follows that when some of the men working on a boat plying on a northern river were able one spring to go out to a small bare island in a nearby lake, and to bring back therefrom a large canoe full of the gull's eggs which filled every depression in the surface of the rock, the crew found these a dainty delicacy, and availed themselves eagerly of the opportunity to make a change in the diet to which the impossibility of procuring food from "outside" at that time of year restricted them.

Eggs, Eggs, Eggs

With a blissful disregard of the danger of excessive sulphur in the menu the cook, a half-breed Indian, restricted his culinary operations—in extension let it be known that he was also deck-hand, fireman, and cabin-boy—to the boiling of eggs.

Eggs four times a day; eggs when going on watch, and eggs when coming off; eggs in the saloon, eggs in the engine-room, eggs in the hold—no wonder the crew shortly began to tire of eggs.

The monotony of eating them, moreover, was doubled by the fact that they were always served boiled. Probably none of that crew had ever heard of a poached egg, or if they had they would almost undoubtedly have attached a meaning to the word "poached" quite different from that which it has when used with "egg."

But some at least had heard of and probably eaten fried eggs. Anyway, the captain one day suggested to the cook that thereafter he fry some of the eggs. The cook looked puzzled, but after the taciturn nature of his kind returned a grunt that could not be interpreted as a clear statement of the fact that he did not understand.

Preliminaries

"Eggs are fried for supper tonight, chief," said the captain as he and the chief engineer sat down together in the narrow galley to eat a hasty meal before taking the evening watch.

"Good, it'll be a change," replied the chief, taking a piece of oily waste out of his pocket to wipe off his plate with.

Note This, House Ecs.

The two officers waited expectantly, as men about to enjoy a feast. Sitting with their backs to the stove they feigned not to be interested in the operations going on among the multitudinous pots and pans decking its blackened surface. But from time to time a twitching of their nostrils as they sniffed the air indicated that

their interest was high. They were disappointed, however. It seemed strange; the egg of a bird that lived entirely on fish and anywhere from one to three weeks old ought to give off a very noticeable odour when being fried. They were about to investigate when the cook triumphantly leaned over their shoulders and set down a plate of eggs.

He Thought They Were Doughnuts

It was apparent that something was wrong. The eggs looked very much like boiled ones, the only difference being that the brown speckles had become much darker and richer than normally and had extended and merged so as to make the shell present a uniform chocolate-tinged surface. Investigations now proceeded with great celerity, and soon revealed that the cook had tried to fry the eggs by placing them, in their shells, in boiling lard.

The conclusion of the story I did not witness; but as neither the captain nor the chief were able to satisfy enquiries as to the taste of eggs fried in boiling fat, it may be concluded that the eggs which suffered that experience found a termination to their existence quite different from being eaten.

20

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THE CRIMSON STAR

OR

Don't Throw the Lamp at Father

"I think it must be simply wonderful to be behind the curtain at Dramas and things," she gushed.

"Huh? Oh, yeah," I answered, with not too much enthusiasm. The trouble was, of course, that yours truly had tasted the joys of backstage work.

We were discussing plays in general and operettas in particular, operettas being considered as plays because of the way the participants played around like festive Easter rabbits during the performance of "The Crimson Star."

Back of the gorgeous setting of the affair, an irate stage manager and a switch-throwing electrician fumed and stormed as the Graceful Gaxelles, dancing specialists, kicked out the plugs supplying juice to various lights. Grease-painted individuals scampered hither and yon, interfering with the passage of scenery and such-like apparatus necessary to the conventionally-appointed stage. The electrician's junk was covered with "Goody Grease-paint for Giddy Girls."

At the beginning of the second act, the stage hands, being pleased with certain of the chorus ladies, had this impression of the theme song:

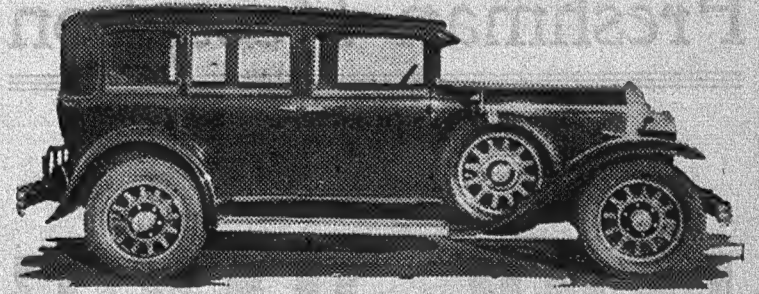
"Lascencia, I'd like to meet yuh, Somewhere on a moonlight night."

By the time the third spasm came around it had become:

"Lascencia, I'd like to bean yuh, Somewhere on a nice, dark night."

"Wonderful to be behind the curtain." If you like being bumped by ladders, sworn at by stage hands, burnt by flood lights, jostled by overbearing male stars, and bitten by temperamental chorus girls—then it's not only wonderful—it's miraculous.

—ROMEO.



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University Receives Addition To Geological Collection

Canadian School of Prehistory Donates Collection—Articles are Numerous and Interesting—Classified by Dr. Ami

The extensive array of geological and archaeological specimens passed by the University has recently been supplemented by a new addition. This is the collection presented by the Canadian School of Prehistory, and brought direct from Ottawa by Dr. Henri Ami, Director of that school. As will be giving two lectures to the students and the public, Dr. Ami spent several days of last week in classifying and labelling the collection, which is lodged in the museum of Vertebrate Palaeontology, on the third floor of the Arts Building.

The collection is indeed interesting, and worthy of a visit by all students; it consists of implements used by Palaeolithic and Neolithic man of Quaternary age. At the beginning of the Palaeolithic or Old Stone Age we find very crude stones, scarcely recognizable as tools; yet sufficiently chipped and altered as to fit more closely the shape of the hand and to show the beginning of man's creative activity. As we progress toward the New Stone Age or Neolithic period we find a very gradual improvement in the shape of the instruments, and we can begin to recognize the purposes for which they must have been used. By the time we reach the so-called "Reindeer Period" there is quite a variety of delicate tools—bone needles with which to sew the tough skin of the reindeer, flint scrapers to remove the marrow from his bones, and delicate flint knives which must have been a source of great pride to

their cave-man owners. Then there are the earliest forms of painting material, chiefly red, yellow and black; with these the cave-man painted crude pictures on the side of his dwelling, and mayhap his spouse used the red ochre for other purposes—but of course that is mere speculation on the part of the writer. Large stone weapons, rounded hammers, unpolished axes, picks, etc., follow in swift succession. A little later we find highly polished axes, which look quite serviceable, and some really beautiful arrow-points. Still later come the exquisite workmanship, some of which almost resemble razors—may we suspect the cave-man of indulging in such luxuries? And so we arrive at last at the present day with its Sheffield knives and Valet Auto-Strops.

These specimens were obtained chiefly from the Dordogne district of France, where a special field has been granted to the Canadian School of Prehistory for excavation purposes. This school, founded only in 1925 under the auspices of the Royal Society of Canada, has already done good work in this field. Under the direction of Dr. Ami, excavations have been carried on each year and much excellent archaeological material obtained. This material is taken home to Canada and classified in the Geological Laboratory at Ottawa. It is then distributed in various ways, chiefly to Canadian universities; as a result, a large number of these universities now have collections illustrating the industries of primitive man. The universities in their turn contribute to the maintenance of the school. In this way much interesting and valuable research has been accomplished, and it is expected that still more wonderful discoveries will be made in the future.

Reminiscences of the Edmonton Trip

Clem joining the Salvation Army. Two jeans eating oysters. One harassed inspector trying to count those present. Everybody removing everything moveable. The crying need for birth certificates. "We want the Dook."—The Sheaf.

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CHINESE LANGUAGE WORSE THAN OURS

Mr. Bruce Tells of Difficulties and Advances of China and Tibet

A young Chinese student explaining in English that he was late on account of his mother's death, meant no disrespect when he said, "The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket." But, according to Mr. Bruce, noted Y.M.C.A. missionary in China and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the English mistakes more susceptible to making mistakes in Chinese. A change in tone in the same Chinese word will bring you a cross-cut saw instead of an orange. This was the humorous introduction that Mr. Bruce gave last Wednesday to his very interesting illustrated lecture on a trip to Tibet. The journey commenced at Shanghai, followed the Yangtze River to the foothills, 3,000 miles away, and then crossed into mountainous Tibet.

Speaking of the Chinese side, Mr. Bruce described some of the wonders of the art and architecture of that nation. Many of their ancient bridges could compare favorably in style and structure with some of the world's largest. Their salt wells, drilled by engineers ignorant of diamond drills and such like, are as true as a plumb line to the salt brine 2,500 feet below. Symmetry and beauty characterize their art.

Tibet, probably a future playground of the world with its mountain scenery, presents singular things. In certain parts the women boss the men by right as well as might. But in many sects this score is evened, for woman can't go to Heaven until she has gone to Hell to be reborn as a man. Tibet can boast of a district where poverty is unknown. This small irrigated plain supports 2,000 people per square mile. Four crops a year are raised in this land of plenty, and it is all due to an Tibetan engineer who tunneled through a mountain to secure the water for irrigation.

Mr. Bruce has great faith in the present political reformation in China. It is a movement led by young men who aim to bring China to a position where she will be able to assist in peaceful worldly affairs.

M. GEORGES STANLEY AU CERCLE FRANCAIS

"Sommes-nous vraiment plus mauvais ou meilleurs que nos ancêtres?"

La causerie de M. Georges Stanley à la dernière réunion du Cercle Français fut un vrai succès, et au point de vue littéraire, et au point de vue instructif. M. Stanley nous rapporta au XVIIIe siècle et nous fit considérer les mœurs et manières des peuples et aussi des méchants de cette époque; il en fit la comparaison aux mœurs de nos jours.

Nos aïeux n'étaient-ils pas aussi fous que nous, demande M. Stanley? En nous comparant à eux, ne voyons-nous pas que c'est la même nature humaine? Prenons les Français du XVIIIe siècle comme exemples, puisque nous sommes dans un Cercle Français, n'avaient-ils pas, eux aussi, leurs faiblesses et leurs fantaisies? La frénésie de luxe de ce temps est démontrée par les vêtements, vêtements aussi exagérés—mais de sens opposé—que ceux de nos jours. A ses noces, la sœur de Frédéric de Prusse portait un poids total, en vêtements, de 100 livres. De nos jours on se contente de quelques onces! Les femmes de cette époque connaissaient aussi la poudre; et la mode pour les cheveux était de les porter en boucles. Quant aux hommes, ils portaient une perruque, des culottes courtes et serrées, un petit chapeau, etc.

Après la Révolution les modes changèrent. On montra du zèle pour la simplicité et le naturel développés par les Français. C'était à qui porterait le moins de vêtements. Les femmes se promenaient non pas habillées, mais drapées de vêtements transparents. "Ca ressemble à la jeune fille moderne!" En 1893, on compta 60,000 malades et la plupart à cause de la légèreté ou du manque de vêtements. Puis la valse fit son apparition; on la traita d'immorale et de nuisible à la santé: c'est la même histoire aujourd'hui quand apparaît une nouvelle danse. Le public ne courait pas non plus assister aux grandes pièces de Beethoven, Schiller, etc. On préférait les pièces légères.

En terminant M. Stanley nous demande: "En nous comparant à nos ancêtres, en comparant leurs costumes et caprices aux nôtres, sommes-nous réellement plus mauvais qu'eux?"

PROPOSED DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE

(Continued from page one)

deemed an offence on the part of such witness for which the Committee may impose a suitable penalty. Persons other than members of the student body shall be competent but not compellable witnesses.

5. All judgments of the Disciplinary Committee shall be recorded in written form and shall be kept on file as a record of judgments.

V.—Appeals

1. Any party aggrieved by a judgment of the Disciplinary Committee may appeal to the Committee on Student Affairs by giving written notice of appeal to the Secretary of the Disciplinary Committee within seven days from the date of judgment, whereupon the Secretary shall forward to the Secretary of the Committee on Student Affairs a copy of the notice of appeal along with a copy of the judgment appealed. For the purpose of this section the Students' Union, as represented by the

Dr. Ami Gives Interesting Lecture on Prehistoric Man

Traces Story of Prehistoric Man From Earliest Times—Many Types of Culture Illustrated

On Friday morning at 11:30 the students of geology, classics, ancient history and any others that may have been there, heard a very entertaining illustrated lecture by Dr. Ami on prehistoric man.

Dr. Ami, before showing his slides, outlined the various types of known human culture, from which we may recognize our antiquity. Probably the oldest type of man known is the Ipswichian, found near Ipswich in England. It is believed that he belonged to the Tertiary period, but very little is as yet known about him, except that he was very primitive.

In the Quaternary period the human traces are much more numerous. The earliest type of culture here is the Mousterian. It is still very primitive. The men were capable of chipping flints and of controlling fire. The remains are found usually along the river banks, and hence they are known as the river-drift men. The climate in Europe at this time was quite African, and the remains of many present-day warm-country animals are to be found. Later on when

the glaciers and the cold weather came these men sought the shelter of caves and are known as the cave-men. It is in these caves that the now extinct Houstierian man, or probably more commonly Neanderthal man, lived. The remains of this very short human have been found in many places in Europe.

The next type of culture, the Magdalenian, shows a distinct advance. The Cro-Magnon man lived in this period. He was over six feet tall, and had a very good brain case, with probably fairly good material inside. This civilization, it is thought, came in from the east, and no doubt would off the Mousterian men. This Cro-Magnon man was the first to make needles and to carve bone. The remains of this civilization, it is thought, travelled north with the reindeer and the musk-ox as the glaciers retreated, and are probably represented by the Eskimos today.

The Ozilian culture is the last of the Paleolithic or old stone age of man. Harpoons and numerous painted animals on pebbles and on the walls of the caves are the traces of this culture. After this period the men went outside again, and thus his tools and other remains are more spread out, making it much harder to differentiate the various stages since then.

The term Neolithic, or men of the new stone age, is usually applied to the men after they left their caves. Among other things he learned how to polish his axe, blades and other weapons. He also made crude agricultural tools. It is very evident that a gradual development of man extending over thousands of years (the Mousterian alone, it is considered, lasted two hundred and fifteen thousand years) has been going on, and probably still is.

Towards the end of the lecture Dr. Ami showed some very interesting slides of primitive animals, of tools and implements, and of restorations of the early types of men were shown.

The PIG'S EYE



We had hoped that with the conclusion of the election campaign we could again resume our studies, but unhappily we have not yet taken that step. A low fever has attacked us accompanied by a desire to roam. On the slightest provocation we leave our books and toys and hie away to the haunts of pleasure. We have never been much on this outdoor stuff. Somehow we always either got pine cones in our coffee or else sat on a burr. Rather our paths led to the green smooth place where the colored spheres clicked and rolled, or the cozy darkness of the play house. An idle pastime with little profit, but one which we cannot forego.

Of course our studies have suffered. What can keep his mind on the social contract theory when the charms of the divine Clara rise before his eyes? Or what shall it profit a man to sit all night with a book in his hand when his palm itches for a billiard cue? And yet we must fight it down. We must be firm. A few short weeks and we pack our few treasures away, bid our instructors a sad farewell and depart for the great city. But in the meantime—

The thought saddens us. So many things can happen in five months. A vacation spent in dull labor might even destroy our zest for idling. We shudder when we think of our proud spirit broken beneath a burden of responsibility. And all those other splendid souls reduced to hewing wood and carrying ice. Adonis in harness! Orpheus playing for hire! Hercules peddling life insurance!

Lest we appear too morose we must state that we can look back on the past year with some satisfaction; not of our own accomplishments so much as those of the body politic. There are undoubtedly definite benefits aside from courses taken. Eustace no longer eats peas with his knife and Evangeline has ceased to say "Yes indeedly!" A certain number of dinner jackets have appeared where none had been before. Trouser legs in some quarters have definitely abandoned the climb to the shin and have taken a trend towards the instep. "I fa down and go boom" is happily no longer regarded as the correct thing to say. A certain hostility towards the "city slickers" is dying.

In the more advanced circles the march of progress is as steady, if not so pronounced. A talented few have taken to insulting head waiters. Drinking is now done from glasses and not from the original container. "G. & W." is taking the place of lab. alcohol. The more tender displays of affection are reserved for the privacy of a taxi and are not so evident in the loge seats. The sophistication of the early years away from the whistle stops is being superseded by a genuine and natural interest in life. Yes, in sooth, fair sir, it does move.

—H. D. S.

Students' Council as prosecutor, shall be deemed a party with the right to appeal.

VI.—Men's House Committee

1. There shall be a committee consisting of four resident male students, to be known as the Men's House Committee, to be elected in accordance with the established custom for electing the Men's House Committee.

2. The Men's House Committee or a majority of members sitting as the House Committee, shall have jurisdiction over offences committed by resident or non-resident male students in and about the residences.

3. The Men's House Committee shall have power to call witnesses, take evidence, and adjudicate matters of discipline similar to the powers by this Act conferred on the Disciplinary Committee, and shall adopt similar procedure.

4. Any decision of the Men's House Committee may be appealed to the Disciplinary Committee by filing with the Secretary of the Men's House Committee written notice of appeal within three days from the date of judgment, whereupon the Secretary of the Men's House Committee shall forward to the Secretary of the Disciplinary Committee a copy of the notice of appeal along with a written copy of the judgment appealed.

The bones of a seven-foot Cro-Magnon man were shown along with his tools for use in the future life. Dr. Ami also showed several slides picturing the Canadian area in France, representing the type of work that is done and the splendid results that are being obtained.

Dr. Ami, in closing, offered an invitation to any of the students to visit the Canadian School if they were ever in France.

Dr. Alexander, in the few moments that were left, thanked Dr. Ami for the interesting manner in which he had unfolded the early chapters of human life.

WHERE THE CHAMPIONSHIPS ARE:

(Continued from page four)

FACULTY GOLF

Winner: A. W. Matthews, 2 and 1. Runner-up: Dr. McDonald.

SOCCER

Inter-faculty: Aggies.

BASKETBALL

Men's Rigby Cup: Manitoba (Inter-collegiate).

Provincial champions: Alberta.

Intermediate: "Y" Blues.

House League: Holwaychuk.

Girls'

Race Cup: Alberta (Inter-collegiate).

House League: Kae Craig.

SWIMMING

Inter-University: Men, Saskatchewan; Girls, Alberta.

Inter-Year: Freshmen.

HOCKEY

City Senior League: Maple Leafs.

Duggan Cup: Superiors (City Open).

Unofficial Inter-collegiate: Saskatchewan.

Inter-faculty: Arts-Pharm.

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